Early Japanese Canadian Pioneers Row Boat 500 Miles North To The Skeena

By ROY ITO

"Canada Doho Hatten Taikan' by Jinshiro Nakayama contains many articles about early Japanese immigrant life. One story, "Itopo gyogyo no kaitakushi wa dare desu ka", describes the arrival of the first Japanese in the salmon fishing grounds of Skeena River in northern British Columbia. The following article is based on this account. I am grateful for the translation assistance given by Mr. and Mrs. Sato of Vancouver and Mr. Tom Yoshida of Hamilton.

It was the early morning of Friday, April 8, 1890. Standing in the boat which he and Aikawa had built, Yasukichi Yoshizawa squinted at the morning sun over the Second Narrows of Burrard inlet. It was a friendly spring sun which signalled a good day ahead. Yoshizawa had selected April 8 because it was the birthdate of Shinran Shonin. He thought, what better day to start the trip northward to the Skeena of which they had heard so much than Uziko Yoka, the birth date of Buddha.

To the west, Stanley Park was hazy in the morning mist. Over a year ago the Governor-General had dedicated the true-covered penninsula as a park for the use of the city's people. Between the park and hastings Mill, where Yoshizawa had worked since arriving in Canada four years ago, Vancouver was slowly stirring to start another day as the boom town of the Canadian west. Vancouver, in 1890, had electricity, street cars, water pumped from Capilano River through 12" inch pipes, two newspapers, a telephone service with one hundred thirteen subscribers a sewage system, a train service with Eastern Canada.

There was no trace of the great fire of June 13, 1886, which had destroyed the city in twenty minutes. It had been started by careless tending of small fires used to clear the brush and branches of giant Douglas firs, hemlocks and cedars filled to feed the busy sons of Hastings Mill where even now a hundred Japanese were hard at work. Yoshizawa counted four ships docked at Hastings Mill, ships with tall masts to carry the sails. On some days there were more than forty ships waiting to be loaded. The Japanese were worked hard to keep the lumber flowing.

The fire had literally exploded on that hot June day. The new-born city Vancouver, just three months old was burnt to the ground. Yoshizawa had arrived five months after the fire according to what he had heard from the Japanese, the Nipponjins had conducted themselves well. The road to Hastings Mill, where the Japanese worked and lived, was one of the four possible escape routes.

The Japanese had given every help to the hakujins which scrambled to escape the holocaust and they had been warmly commended by the mill manager, R.H. Alexander.

Yoshizawa waited patiently for the others to say goodbye to the few Japanese who had come down to Hastings Beach. Shiga Aikawa, his partner, was a good man with the ability to work easily with others. The others were Kawanuwa from Kochi, Masuda from Echizen and Kichi from Echigo.

They all got into the boat. Yoshizawa sat in the stern, Yoshizawa sat at the front. Masuda and Kawamura grasped the oars and pushed the boat away from the beach. The final goodbyes were said in Japanese fashion.

"Yoku yatte kure. . .Do a good job"

"Genki de ne. . . Keep yourselves well"

Masuda and Kawanura had difficulty with the oars, the water splashing on Yoshizawa's face and arm. It was apparent the they were not competent with the oars. Yoshizawa was surprised. Japanese not able to row!

"Kichi, Aikawa, take the oars," he requested Kichi looked at him apologetically. Aikawa shook his head. Yoshizawa was momentarily shaken. The plan was to row five hundred miles to the Skeena.

The Japanese were arriving steadily in New Westminister, Victoria and Vancouver. They could not all fish in the Fraser or work in Hastings Mill; new jobs were needed. And as they were going north to seek work on the Skeena. North to the Skeena on a rowboat. It appealed to Yoshizawa's spirit of adventure. But he was the only one who could row!

Yoshizawa exchanged places with Masuda and started to row. He was exasperated with himself. It was raining. But as Hastings Beach became further in the distance and Stanley Park drew nearer, his high spirits took over. The tide was with them. They were on their way.

He pointed the boat into the Gulf of Georgia. The others took their turns at the oars, awkwardly at first but soon with rhythm and strength. They ate the rice, meat and vegetable lunch. By nightfall they reached

(Cont. on P. 2)

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Late For Holiday Issue. . .

Japan's 1974 Traffic Deaths Go Over 10,000 Mark, Reports Nat'l Police Agency

TOKYO. — This year Japan traffic death toll topped the 10,000 mark on November 22 — the 326th day of the year and 75 days later than in last year, the national Police Agency said recently.

The agency's tabulation showed that the toll was 23.6 per cent lower than last year's correspodending figure for Nov. 22.

It predicted the yearly decline of highway death counts would set a record this year with the toll to be held to about 11,200 — about the same as in 1962.

The agency said the decline — now in fourth straight year — reflected its continued efforts for traffic control. The decline was particularly noticeable in large metropolitan areas such as Tokyo, Yokohama and Nagoya, where there were more intensive investments in traffic safety equipment.

A decline in car driving due to higher gasoline prices was cited as a secondary reason for fewer deaths.

This year's 10,000th traffic death occurred at about 1:20 a.m. on a street in Nara when a 57-year-old man was hit by a speeding car driven by an intoxicated young man.

The man, Kazuo Hirooka, 23, drove off but was arrested two hours later.

According to the recent agency's tabulation, Saitama Prefecture produced the most traffic fatalities (455) followed by Osaka (450), Hokkaido (437) and Chiba (419).

The least deaths (60) were recorded by Tottori Prefecture, followed by Saga (78) and Shimane and Tokushima (79).

Among the cities with populations of over 100,000, Yamaguchi registered the highest fatality rate of 27.5 per 100,000 residents. It was followed by Ichihara (Chiba Prefecture) and Joetsu (Niigata Prefecture), both with 18.2, and Kumagaya (Saitama Prefecture) with 17.2 deaths per 100,000 residents.

The safest cities in this respect were Higashimurayama and Musashino, both in Tokyo. Neither city recorded any highway deaths.

Pedestrian deaths accounted for 35.2 per cent of the total. When combined with those of bicyclists, they account for about half of the toll.

Late For Holiday Issue . .

Bicycles

By M. SITARR

A few weeks ago for my son's 13th birthday, he got a new bicycle with a 27 inch wheel, ten speed, cotterless crank, butted tube frame etc., etc., which cost about $160.00. I realize that inflation and all that sort of thing has taken place but when I was a 13 year old kid back on the chicken farm in B.C. I was glad that I had my father's old bike to ride even though it was too big for me and I had to peddle it by sticking my foot under the bar and could not sit on the seat. It was in the middle of the depression when I was ten that my father died. There was barely enough money for food, we couldn't even consider buying a bycicle and I was very happy to be able to fix up my father's old bike and ride it underbar. I went everywhere riding it underbar. One time with a couple of older boys from school we biked to the airport near Vancouver. When I returned late that night I found that my mother and neighbours were frantically searching for me. When I got older I used to peddle into New Westminister to the library, but because we lived outside the city I had to pay for my library cards. I paid for four cards so that I could take out 12 books at a time and thus save making frequent long trips to get new books.

When my father was trying to get the chicken farm going he used to work at the saw mill. He and his friend who came to Canada at the same time to seek their fortune used to ride off to work at 5 AM. After he got home at night he would clear the land, build the chicken houses, etc. till midnight. He worked and worked, never took time off for any frivolities, except occasionally he and his friend might race each other to work. At the very early age of 48 he was dead because anti-biotic drugs had not been discovered yet. His friend worked hard too, but was never successful materially, and when the evacuation came he and his family were shipped off to the beet fields of southern Alberta. He was fortunate to see his children grow up, marry, settle down and prosper.

Just about the time of the evacuation my brother turned 13 and mother bought him a new bicycle which cost about $40.00, a very large sum in those days which meant quite a financial sacrifice. When the order for the evacuation came my brother took his bicycle with him to the beet fields. I chose not to go and remained to take my chances on getting out on my own or being sent to some Godforsaken place like Schrieber, Ontario. Fortunately I received a B.C. Security Commission permit to leave the coast and go east to a small resort town of St. Agathe in the Laurentians. I still have that permit as a souvenir. In order to get the permit I even had to get permission from the Mayor of the town., For $25.00 a month, I was the chief cook and bottle washer, laundry boy, gardener, maid, house-boy, handyman, painter, electrician, nurse and companion to the former comptroller of the city of Montreal or something who was in retirement with a bad heart. It was obvious that the family had enough political clout to induce the Mayor to give permission.

I arrived there in early May 1942. During the summer my employer had two heart attacks, but my presence for such emergencies did little good from a medical point of view since we were so isolated, and I had no

Con. On P. 3

Late For Holiday Issue

"If Christmas Had Not Come"

The Rev. Hiram H. Kano

Text: "Jesus said, I am the Light of world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John 8:12)

Therefore if Christ had not come, there is no Christmas: even today, we are wondering in the darkness without hope, without life.

I bless my eyes, through which I see God's perfect Universe. I bless my inner vision through which I see God. I bless my ears by which I hear the voice of God.

Christmas is the real joy of our salvation.

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hossanah in the highest!

500 Miles . . . (cont. from page 1.)

a small bay on Howe Sound. Yoshizawa consulted his map, he thought they were at Hopkins Bay. They pitched their nine by twelve tent, ate more of their lunch washed down with green tea, and went to sleep.

It was Yoshizawa who first woke up. He was stiff from sleeping on the hard sand and felt damp. He awoke the others and they were out to view the still green waters of Howe Sound ringed with snow-capped mountains. Lush timber growth covered the mountainside to the waters edge. A fish jumped. It was beautiful country in some ways like the beauty spots of Japan, they thought but on a much bigger scale — giant trees, deep inlets, huge mountains which rolled on and on into the distance.

They congratulated each other with smiles. They had safely started their journey. They brewed green tea and ate more of their lunch; it would last them for the day. They steadily rowed, the weather was ideal, and the water calm.

By evening they arrived near an Indian village which Yoshizawa thought was Sechelt. They landed on a small island.

Their lunch was all gone. For provisions they had brought four bags of flour, a bag of potatoes, a small quantity of baking powder and a bottle of shoyu, they counted on fish and game to provide for their needs.

Masuda gathered wood, made a fire and started to heat some flat stones. Kichi made a batter from the flour and placed a portion on the heated stones. They eagerly watched the batter bubble and cook.

A sudden breeze blew the ashes on to the batter. It was not appetizing but it had to be their supper for that night.

On the third day the sea became rough tossing the boat wildly and water started to come over the sides. Yoshizawa and Aikawa were the only ones equipped with rubber boots. They sought shelter on another small island. Aikawa took the shotgun and spent half a day shooting birds which provided an appetizing meal.

At Pender Harbour it started to rain a steady downpour that continued for four days. Only Yoshizawa and Aikawa had raincoats and rainhats. The five Japanese huddled under the canvas tent which was soon leaking. The water that had begun to apear in the tent floor became a steady stream. In desperation they got back into the boat and covered it with the tent using an oar as a pole. They were wet, cold, hungry, and cramped. The rain continued. They were in the wettest part of British Columbia where rainfall can average seventy-five inches a year. They tried fishing through the opening in the canvas and cought a small cod. Aikawa shot a duck. Somehow they managed a fire and cooked the fish and the bird.

The men talked about their lives in Japan and their plans for the future. They were all young men seeking a place in a new country. Eventually they hoped for a bride from Japan and a home. Canada was the land of opportunity and it was just a matter of hard work. They wished they could speak English and communicate with the hakujins. Yoshizawa said until we can talk to the hakujins, they will think of us as strange people with strange customs. We have to learn English and if we are going to work in the north we must learn to speak the Indian language. Yoshizawa became one of the few Japanese who could converse with the native people of the North-West.

The sky cleared, the rain stopped and the sun came out. They dried their tent, boat and clothing. They stretched their cramped limbs. They started once again to row. They landed on the northern part of Texada Island.

Masuda cooked potatoes and some of the bird meat. They drank water from a spring. Kawamura belched with satisfaction. "Oh for miso shiru", he remarked.

Yoshizawa said, "There's an old saying. . . where there's a spring you can find gold. Let's look around."

They searched around and found three blackened holes left by dynamite explosions. Others had been there prospecting for mineral. Kichi gave a shout. They found him examining a piece of rock in which they could see a shiny metal, parts of which were blue and rust-coloured. Aikawa identified it as copper.

After consulting his map, Yoshizawa decided to cross the Strait of Georgia to the east side of Vancouver Island. Snow-capped mountains on the island beckoned them as they rowed steadily hour after hour. They entered a narrow strait, marked in the map as Discovery Passage, which led to another narrow corridor half a mile wide.

Here the water raced against the boat at a tremendous speed. No matter how hard they rowed they could not make any headway and finally they landed on the beach. They were in Seymour Narrows where the waters speed up to fifteen knots and a hidden rock creates additional hazards to boats. Yoshizawa had heard that a ship called the "Grappler" had caught fire at the entrance to the Narrows seven years before and about seventy-five people had died, most of them Chinese going to work in the canneries. How were they going to get through these waters?

A white man came up to the channel in a row boat. He was tall, beared, and had tremendous hands which fascinated the Japanese. Tomorrow, he told them, at 5 o'clock in the morning the tide will come to a stop and you will be able to get through. He mentioned that there was a house nearby where provisions could be purchased. The Japanese searched their pockets and althogether they had sixty cents and they bought sugar and salt.

Next morning the white man woke them up at half past four. It was still dark. The Japanese were most grateful. The tent was packed away, breakfast eaten. They got into the boat and started to row but within a few minutes the waters in the narrows started to move and they were helpless once again. Slack tide had lasted only thirty minutes. The white man had gone ahead. They felt it was a slur on the ability of the Japanese. They landed on the shore again and waited twelve hours.

With great gusto, as soon as slack tide arrived, shouting "Yoisho, Yoisho. . ." four of them working at the oars, they moved through the two-mile channel. They rowed hard for another fifteen miles and landed their boat in a small cave which Yoshizawa said was Knox Bay.

They were exhausted by their efforts and decision was made to spend four days at Knox Bay and enjoy the pleasure of being in one place. One day Masuda and Kichi came rowling furiously to the shore. They had spotted a giant octopus clinging to a rock at the bottom of the bay. The five scrambled into the boat and moved to the spot where the octopus could be clearly seen. They tried casting a hooked line. After a number of attempts they succeeded in hooking on to one of the tentacles and managed to pull the beast to the boat. For five days they dined on the tako, a great delicacy in Japan.

They moved north again through Johnstone Strait skirting the wooded shores of Vancouver Island. As they neared the Indian village of Alert Bay, dense fog enveloped them in a swirling misty cloud. Yoshizawa directed Kichi and Masuda to row for the shore. Suddenly three shots of gunfire were heard. The two immediately stopped rowing. All that could be heard was the dripping of the water from the lifted oars.

Aikawa said, "That's only a signal from another boat. They continued their rowing and landed. When the fog lifted they saw an Indian village close by. As the Japanese approached they could see a number of Indians working on a canoe. Halibuts were drying on a rack. Yoshizawa suggested, "Let's try to get Halibut. We have no money but we can exchange."

Aikawa offered three cigarettes and pointed to the drying fish and the exchange was made. Kawamura had an attractive shoe buckle which he brought out. The Indians were not interested. Kichi offered a bar of soap and this resulted in five more fish.

The Japanese decided to anchor and sleep on the boat. They had heard that the Indians in this region were not very friendly and indulged in some terrifying customs. In the morning, they found to their consternation, that the anchor had dragged during the night and the boat was on the beach. Kawamura shouted and pointed to large tracks around the boat. Wolves had been around during the night. Yoshizawa said that only the lantern burning all night had saved them from a lot of grief.

On the twenty-second day after leaving Vancouver they reached Smith Inlet. Yoshizawa had optimistically estimated twenty days to reach the Skeena. Their provisions were nearly finished. They were only half way to their destination.

Day after day they pulled on the oars. They kept to the sheltered waters between the Island and the mainland. They landed and slept. They fished and they shot birds. Some days they were soaked by the rain. Other days they were hungry. Often they longed for a Japanese bath; they're clothes were soiled and worn.

They passed Hamu Cannery. On the forty-second day they reached a point which Yoshizawa said was Point Lambert in the Skeena River area. As Yoshizawa looked across the cold waters of the river mouth, he experienced a tremendous feeling he had when he climbed to the top of Mount Fuji.

They continued their rowing in search of a settlement. Faint sounds of construction could be heard. Yoshizawa pointed and they headed for a point of land. They were coming to the end of the long trip.

They found about one hundred men, Occidental and Indians, hammering and sawing. Yoshizawa went up to the foreman who looked at the Japanees with interest.

"Are you Chinese?" he asked

"Japanese," answered Yoshizawa, "from Vancouver".

The foreman and the others had never seen a Japanese before. When they saw the small boat which carried them for forty-two days they were impressed.

Yoshizawa explained that they wanted to be fishermen; that Japanese were good fishermen. The foreman stated that they were building a new-Cannery to be called North Pacific. Salmon fishing would not begin for several months but he offered the men jobs of cutting firewood for $1.60 a cord.

They accepted the work although they only had one Japanese saw and one axe. Their living conditions were crude and uncomfortable. They still lived in the tent. Their food was plain and monotonous. After three weeks they had cut only eleven cords, barely enough to buy food. It was discouraging.

In the evening as they sat around the fire Murakami mentioned that he had heard that there had been a great fire in Seattle and there was plenty of work available. He wanted to go back south and so did Kichi and Masuda. There was no money for boat fare. Reluctantly Yoshizawa agreed to sell the shotgun to a Chinese who gave them thirty dollars. It was with mixed feelings the three left to make the return trip.

When the fishing season began, Yoshizawa partnered with a hakujin--and Aikawa with an Indian. On a Columbia boat, equipped with sails, oars, a tent, and a small stove. They rowed on to the fishing grounds. They cast their 200-fathom drift net in the nearby waters of the river mouth. They hauled their nets and caught the giant spring and the graceful sockeye. When the waters were rough they rowed to shore for the weather to change. The collector boats visited them regularly to carry the fish back to the cannery. They were the first Japanese to work on the Skeena River.

In the fall when the sockeye and the cohoe salmon runs were finished, Yoshizawa and Aikawa went to work in a sawmill at Georgetown near Port Simpson. The owner, impressed with the work of the Japanese, asked if Yoshizawa could get more Japanese to work for him. Aikawa travelled to Victoria and recruited seven recently arrived Japanese: — Yugoro Sekine, Mankichi Sakai, Kumakichi, Yasuda, Denkichi Matsumoto, Toragoro Inouye, Kazo Sawamura, Yoshiburo Okuyama.

When Aikawa returned with the seven, they built a large cabin for the winter. For the first time since leaving Vancouver, Yoshizawa and Aikawa were living in a tent.

In the spring, Yoshizawa and Aikawa, on a boat to Port Essington, met the manager of Inverness Cannery, the first plant to be build on the Skeena River, who invited the Japanese to work for him. Aikawa, Yoshizawa, Matsumoto and Sakai agreed to cut wood in winter and fish in the summer at Inverness. When the fishing season approached, the manager asked Yoshizawa if he could obtain more Japanese. Once again Aikawa went to Victoria and returned with 12 men which included Sadakichi Kurihara, Umekichi Yoshida, Kiyomoto Kaneko, Kinjiro Watanabe and his brother.

Aikawa went to Japan in 1894 and returned with Ryukichi Enomoto, Torahachiro Nagnobu, Sannosuke Ennyu, and Rokutaro Ide. By that time some 80 Japanese were fishing on the Skeena River.

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Cont. From P. 1

medical skills. However I learned to prepare roast leg of lamb, something that I had never seen or eaten until this point. I also saw a number of people in the upper levels of high finance and society who owned elaborate estates and who were neighbours. I also meet an interesting girl named Cecily. She was a tutor for my employer's married daughter's children. She was graduate in math and philosophy from the University of London and was doing graduate work at McGill. She stayed with the daughter's family in the cottage across the huge private lake on the estate for a part of summer. During the off hours we used to wander around about the estate, and from one of the high "hills" on the place we could see several other large lakes. When their stay was over my employer's son came in from New York and brought with him a girl friend who was rich, pretty, a product of private schools and a Parisian education with liberal ideas. She used to get up early and go swiming in the nude although I newer saw her since I was told not to go to near the lake at that hour. I was a naive country boy and my employer's wife, to protect my innocence, even removed some books which were in the room I was to occupy, saying that they were brought by some of her husband's business friends. One of the books I remember was Studs Lonigan Eventually I read it, but just recently my wife had to read it for a book on Illinois fiction that she is writing as a co-author.

When the summer ended I moved to Montreal to enter college. I saw Cecily at McGill a few times. Eventually I named my first daughter Cecily. The following year my mother and brother came to Montreal. He brought his bike with him but they had to pay their own way to leave the beet fields. The bike was of litle use in the city and soon it was sold for a few dollars which was used to buy grocories.

When I left B.C. I abandoned my father's old bike, I don't know whatever happened to it. I did not see it on the list of inventoried items that listed for the farm when it was sold without our knowledge or consent for a few measily dollars. To-day a shopping center and other commercial business stand on that chicken farm and it is worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Well the full cycle has been made. For the past few years I have returned to riding a bicycle again. As a university professor I can ride to work on my second hand bike for which I paid $17.00 and still not compromise my dignity. As a concession to my age I have three speeds, but then bicycling is supposed to promote good health, save gasoline and stop pollution. I sometimes wish we were not living in such an affluent society for my children can never have the opportunity to look back at the "good old days" or were they?

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句友四十人 水無月句會の十周年を祝う

水無月句会ではこのほど十周年記念祝賀会を日光ガーデン別室で催し、約四十人の句友が集つて和やかな時間をすごした。小財新旬恨氏の司会、句友の先亡者に黙禱をささげたのち、同句会のおいたちについて説明、伊藤湖升氏がトーストを求め、森明星ムが出席者を紹介して食事に入つた。その後有志より祝辞があり、記念撮影後渡邊屯行氏が謝辞を述べて二式に入つた。伊藤、三輪両氏が司会次々と各自の十八番が出されて、最後に炭坑節となり岩下夫人の音頭で一同にぎやかに踊りまわつて散会した。主催側では各方面からの厚意に感謝している。

全加の住宅火災 保険率はふえる

〔トロント〕全加を通じて住宅所有者は来年から住宅火災保険レートが二三・一％の値上りを期待せねばなるまいと保険業界が先週末警告した。火災保険会社は昨年、ばく大な損失を招いたとして、今年度はレート増加を余儀なくされるにいたつたと説明している。沿海州は六八％ないし七五％の増率になる見込み。

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〇…昨年一年間に、日本全

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〇…日本自動販売機工業会がまとめたところによると昨年十二月末現在の各種自動販売機の普及台数は二二〇万四、五〇〇台、中身の商品売上げも約九、六九四億円に達しており、今年も月平均三万台近くふえている。

妻 ツマ

（七七才、福岡県出身）儀、昨年三月発病當市リージョナル病院にて腹ゝ手術をいたし、結果良好となり、その後自宅にて療養中去る十一月二十八日に俄かに病勢悪化、直ちに入院、医師や看護婦たちの出来得る限りの手當、家族の切なる願いも空しく、二十九日午後四時四十分に眠るが如く安らかに他界いたしましたことを辱知の皆様にお知らせいたします。追つて十二月四日フアーガソン葬儀社ホームにてジャックソン牧師の司式の下に告別式を営み、フェアビュウ墓地に埋葬いたしました節にはご多忙中にもかかわらず大勢の皆様がご会葬下さいました上に、心温まるお慰めのお言葉を賜わり、また立派なる供花過分なるご香料、弔電等を頂きまことに有難く厚くお礼申し上げます。なお故人生前中に賜わりましたご交誼並びに病中度々お見舞、お見舞品におあずかりましたことを併せて紙上にてお禮申し上げます。

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カムループス 親族代表 坂木哲雄
バーノン 友人代表 三輪あつ子

夫 亀雄

ジャッキー（五四歳）儀、四年前より心臓病におかされ十一月二十三日スカーボロ病院に四回目の入院、専門医や看護婦の手厚い手當と家族及び親族の寝食を忘れての看護に経過は良好、この分では退院も間近と思つていたところ、十二月八日午後八時すぎ、五回に亘る痳痺におかされ十一時四十五分終に死去いたしましたことを生前辱知の皆様にお知らせ申し上げます。追つて十二月十日夜七時半よりマクデュガル・ブラウン葬儀社にて通夜遷霊式、十一日夜八時より同葬儀社にて命光教トロント教会長西村まつ師斎主、黒田初美師斎員司式の下に告別式を執行、十二日朝パインヒル墓地に埋葬の節はご多忙中にも拘わらず多数皆様のご参列を頂き、その上ご丁重なる弔問・弔電、立派なお花及び多大の玉串料を頂き遺族一同衷心より厚くお禮申し上げます。なお故人入院中には再三再四皆様よりお見舞い下さり生前中のご交誼をも合わせて略儀ながら紙上を借りて厚くお禮申し上げます。

喪主 妻 木本信美
15 Hubert Ave. Scarborough, Ont.

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（八四）

朝子はひとりで家へ帰つて来た。雄介の血尿は墜落のための腎臓破裂であると往診の専門醫によつて診断されたのだ。

「一週間も安静にしとられれば、よくなります。とにかく安静第一です」

醫者は腰の痛む部分に張りつける軟膏と飲み薬を置いて、そういつて行つた。三無と坂部未亡人は少くともあと五、六日は雄介をこのまま坂部家へ寝かせておくことをすすめた。

その上に雄介もその方が好ましいような顔をして、

「それじや、ご迷惑ついでに、ご厄介になるか」

といったのである。

率直にいって、朝子は面白くなかった。雄介は我が家へ帰るよりも、三無のそばの方が「よいのだ。それは空中漫歩機について話が出来るからなのか、それとも……坂部未亡人のいたれり盡せりの看病が快いのか……。

「ご心配なさらないでも、どうぞ、お任せ下さいませ。わたくしは主人の看病を長いことといたしましたさかい、看病は馴れております」

坂部夫人はにこやかにそういった。そのにこやかな目尻のやさしく垂れたおかめ面を、朝子は

「あああいうのをスケベ面というんだわ」

と胸につぶやいた。女の目にはとりたてて美人とは思えない顔だが、男の目には魅力を持っている顔だ。つまり男のスケベ心を呼ぶ顔なのだ。

朝子は我が家の格子戸を開けた。と、それを合図のように階段からドラムの響きがなだれ落ちて来た。

「まッ、春生!」

玄関を駆け上った。

「春生、帰っていたの、春生!」

階段の下から叫んだが、その聲はドラムの音にかき消されてしまう。朝子は階段を駆け上った。

母 ワサ

母 ワサ（八九歳、広島県出身）儀、昨年夏より健康すぐれず自宅にて静養中のところ去る十一月十九日ハミルトン市セネラル病院に入り手当をうけていましたが、遂に十二月九日早朝死去いたしましたことを生前厚知の皆様にお知らせ申し上げます。追つて十二月十一日ハミルトン仏教会で宮地開教使により告別式を行ない、十二日ハミルトンにて火葬に付しました際はご多忙中多くの方々のご会葬を辱うし、且また過分の供花、香典、弔辞弔電等のご厚情にあずかり誠に有難く厚くお禮申し上げます。なお葬儀に際しましてはハミルトン佛教会はじめ婦人会、ダーナ、サンガー各団体に大変お世話になり、入院中のお見舞とともに紙上にて厚くお禮申し上げます。

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ハミルトン佛教会
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母 初代

母 初代（八〇歳、山口県出身）儀、永らくプリンス・ルパート・リ・ジョナル病院にて療養中でありましたが、医師の手当の甲斐もなく老衰のため遂に十二月一日死去いたしましたことを生前厚知の皆様にお知らせ致します。追って五日午後二時よりフアガソン葬儀社に於てジャクソン牧師司式の下に告別式を營み、当日フェアビュー墓地に埋葬いたしました。節にはご多忙中のところ多数の皆様がご会葬下さいました上過分のご香料並びに供花、弔電を頂き遺族一同衷心より深く感謝いたしております。なお故人生前中は深いご交誼を賜わり、入院中はたびたびお見舞、お見舞品などご厚情を辱うし誠に有難く略儀ながら紙上を借りて厚く厚くお禮申し上げます。

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